C	h	3	3½
0	5		6½
1	5	1	3
		5	8
		8	8
		14	6
		15	8½
		30	4½
		3	
		90	
		1	35
		91	35
		57	
		54	35
		61	
		53	70

30	
4	
120	
15	
135	

7	
9	8½
16	8½

Sandres

C	h	
0	6	6
1	5	
4	3	3½
3		6½
1		3
8		5
		1
		7½
31	4	1½
		7
31	4	7½

4 le Curry

Did you see the wedding last evening?" inquired a lady of our acquaintance, who, herself entitled to the fee of matrimony, was exceedingly apt at finding out every instance at variance with her example.

"The wedding!" responded the lady addressed, to whom her remark was addressed. "I never heard a word about it. But who are the happy pair?"

"Happy, indeed! well, I must admit they appeared happy, but the heart—oh! the heart is hidden from our view; and many a gain smile sits upon the countenance when the heart is riven with anguish."

But that lovely pair were happy—happy as worldly comfort and mutual affection could make them; and happy would they have been, even if worldly competency had not formed an ingredient in their blissful cup. The story may be briefly told; the lesson taught by their history should not however be readily dismissed from the reader's mind and memory.

The bride that evening was Emma Wilmer—the bridegroom Albert Dayton, my college friend. Never did a noble heart throb in his breast within his manly form. With a provoking generosity of disposition he united a keen sense of personal responsibility, and recognized a high code of honor. Of a temperament naturally warm and violent, strong in his attachments and ardent in friendship, he yet gave ear to the voice of reason, and measured his steps with deliberation and judgment. Easily touched in his association by the mystic sympathies of first impressions, he yet deferred his opinions and curbed his impulsive nature until observation had confirmed what his heart had prompted him to believe. When he gave the right hand of friendship nothing but the clearest proof of unworthiness could induce him to withdraw it. He was a universal favorite, and yet modest withal.

I shall not readily forget the first occasion on which he freely spoke to me about a passion which I plainly saw had taken deep seat on holds of his heart. "We were seated in my library, he having called at upon me, no doubt, with the intention of opening his mind on the subject," and perceiving his abstraction I confess I felt very maliciously inclined, the more so perhaps from a vicious notion I then entertained that love, folly and madness were synonymous terms; or that, at best, "falling in love" was a set of voluntary submission in the vortex of passion. I was young and inexperienced then, and might be pardoned for such heterodox views. But Dayton's disposition, physiognomy that evening, provoked my mirth. He took a seat near the table, rested his cheek upon his hand, his elbow leaned upon the table, and was soon lost in a reverie.

As this did not much tend to promote intellectual improvement or social enjoyment, I prayed to jar him out of dreaminess, and provoke him into a better spirit.

"You seem remarkably cheerful to-night, Alfred!" said I, ironically.

"You know better," replied he, in most solemn tone. "I am not cheerful—I am not even contented, much less happy—I am falling out of love with the world with every thing."

"A secret of the matter being, I presume, that you have fallen in love with some goddess, or angel at the least, who has not too much discretion to reciprocate the feeling. But who is this wise but unfortunate one?" I asked, running over immediately the names of all the ladies who I knew were not on the list of those he at all admired, but being equally careful not to approach the neighborhood where I knew every lady surmised his affections were directed.

There was a pause, for my catalogue was about exhausted. Suddenly he looked up at me and said, "Can you keep a secret?"

"Not at all!" I replied, "I never could keep a secret, and don't think I can!" Another pause and I continued, laughing at his embarrassment, though my admission of his character inclined me to the opposite course. "But, come, Dayton, you want to tell me all about the matter, and I am quite ready to hear. Perhaps I know more about your feelings towards Miss Emma than you think for; or I must have been blind indeed associating so much with you, not to have known it."

After the usual protestations that he had never betrayed his feelings—a delusion common to the incipient stage of the disease—the whole matter was discussed between us with a confidence that I shall not betray by repeating our conversation. Suffice it to say that we sat until near midnight without ever fighting a lamp, simply stirring up the fire-place coal every now and then, for Dayton got so fairly under way that I could not find it in my heart to stop him, even to give the simple order for the lamp to be attended to. And moreover as I presumed all men do who are affected with the same malady, he became occasionally so rhapsodical and absurd that I felt he would prefer only the dim light of the fire. After a

The remainder of this is to be given at